

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 174. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1847.

PRICE 1½d.

YOU WOULD LIKE HIM, IF YOU KNEW HIM.

PERSONS who only hear of each other, are found in many instances to entertain a mutual prejudice. Opposition in politics, variety of creed, rivalry in profession, and many such matters, give rise to this repugnance. Or it may spring from some of those mysterious caprices which sometimes lurk at the bottom of our minds. As, for instance, we may dislike a man because we hear him often spoken of, or his sayings quoted, or because we think he wears some part of his attire in a provoking manner. One great source of hatred, is a suspicion that the other party sets himself above us. We assume that he is proud, and then condemn him for the imaginary offence. Sometimes we suspect he hates us, and think it only right that we should hate him in return. Misunderstandings, frequently from the most trifling causes, also lead to estrangements which perhaps endure for life, while a short explanation, and possibly a mere show of concession, would remove every feeling of hostility, and render men of congenial feelings the best of friends. Endless, alas! are even the fictitious causes of mutual wrath and jealousy.

It is not uncommon, accordingly, to hear one well-meaning person railing at some other, of whom he has no certain knowledge. On such occasions, a bystander will quietly remark, 'You would like him, if you knew him.' This is often the truth. Did we know the man, we should find that we had dressed up, in imaginary peculiarities of a detestable nature, one who is, to say the least, a very passable kind of man, if not one of somewhat extraordinary good qualities. And many a time does it happen that we do, in time, become acquainted with the object of our aversion, and learn to look upon him with both esteem and affection. It is not, however, necessary for a change in our feelings towards the formerly hated stranger, that we should discover in him either very brilliant or very lovable qualities, or find that we have many points of common taste or opinion. It is enough, in most cases, for the desired revolution, that we have met, and conversed, and found each other human. Sweet are the words of courtesy between man and man: those who have exchanged the simplest greetings, find them like the eating of salt among the Arabs—a controlling bond of the most sacred kind. Hence, after a brief communion, the prejudice will vanish almost as mysteriously as it arose; and we part, acknowledging each other to be very tolerable persons, although not one word beyond commonplace may have passed between us.

There are some professions and courses of life more apt than others to raise ignorant hatreds. Literary men are said to be liable to such feelings in an unusual degree. So are artists. Perhaps the musicians are the

most discordant of all. It seems to be owing, in no small degree, to the reserved and solitary lives which these men almost necessarily lead. Some time ago, an economical kind of club was formed in London by the men engaged in the refined arts, and I am assured that it has already been the means of dispelling many groundless antipathies. The men come into social contact. Little favours and kindnesses are exchanged. They mutually find they are better than they had supposed. And the result is, that the exercise of high intellect becomes attended by those genial sentiments which are alone worthy of it.

Imperfect knowledge may be said to be the real foundation of pretty nearly all mutual repulsions. Reasoning from a single fact, or what is assumed to be a fact, and ignorant of a variety of redeeming circumstances, we suddenly rush to conclusions which are altogether unwarrantable on grounds of truth or reason. In this erroneous evolution of mind, there may, indeed, be a perverse disinclination to search for truth. Having formed a theory of cause and effect, seemingly complete in structure, there is an unwillingness to do anything likely to overturn the fabric, for it would amount to a confession of error, and damage self-esteem. Thus the man who, from a sudden, but, as he conceives, proper impulse, insults another, rarely makes any overture at reparation. He considers his judgment to be at stake, and will rather endure a life of painful resentment, it may be of remorse, than acknowledge that he could by any possibility be in error.

Nations, like men, hate because they know each other imperfectly. Were the French and English to make a point of spending a twelvemonth in youth in each other's countries, not as strangers in the hotels, but as members of each other's families, there would never again be war between them, for then would ignorant antipathies give place to mutual respect and kindly regard. The English pass in great numbers to France; but instead of uniting domestically with the people, they keep apart, and maintain all their own national habits; consequently little is done towards conciliation. Doubtless, however, it will not be so always. The facilities afforded to travelling will by and by produce a much greater interfusion of the people of the two countries; assimilations in manners and ideas will take place; and then capricious hatreds of all kinds must die a natural death. It is in this way that the material and mechanical doings of our age are yet to tell in great moral effects. Iron will, in time, be an instrument of love and union, as it has heretofore been one of captivity and oppression.

In the meanwhile, why should not both individuals and nations exercise some control over those emotions which lead to the antipathies of ignorance? Suppose we hate a man whom we never met or conversed with,

merely because he is of a different political or religious denomination from us, or because we think he must be a haughty man, or because we suspect he has no good feeling towards ourselves: let us reflect on what he might be, if we knew him—what pleasantnesses, what virtues we might find in him—what kindly feelings he might prove to be entertaining for us, all the time we thought him haughty and contemptuous—what community of design and aspiration there might be discovered beneath the various external profession—and we shall see cause for at least moderating or suspending our jealous notions, if not for substituting amicable sentiments in their place. Let nations in like manner imagine themselves acquainted with each other, so as to see with their eyes, what all travellers tell, that everywhere the charities of life are in some shape developed, everywhere there is much to love and admire; and then it could only appear absurd to cherish groundless jealousies, fears, and hatreds against the other families of our race.

RESISTANCE TO GREAT TRUTHS.

COPERNICUS AND ASTRONOMY.

THE history of astronomy, in common with that of almost every other science, presents numerous instances of arbitrary opposition to the development of thought and progression of truth. Dating from the infancy of our race, and originating where so many other mental phenomena took their source in the East, the young science developed itself in strange and uncertain forms, a gradual accumulation of extravagant opinions and wild hypotheses, until, by the labours of Hipparchus, Pythagoras, and the early Greek and Arabian philosophers, it was transmitted to Ptolemy, with some show of mathematical demonstration. Ptolemy was the first to unite the various phenomena, and form something like a complete treatise; but, leaving totally out of view the beautiful simplicity of nature, he based his system on impossible laws. He imagined the heaven to be an immense vault, revolving round the earth, which was stationary in the centre, in twenty-four hours, and interlined by innumerable circles—the orbits of the sun and planets. To account for the apparent contradictions in their motion, he contrived his famous cycles and epicycles, making the centre of some to roll round the circumference of others. Still, as a means of representing celestial appearances, the system of Ptolemy, with all its imperfections, was useful to science; and glimpses of the truth occasionally presented themselves to his successors. In the year 1252 appeared the famous Alphonsine tables, under the auspices of Alphonsus, king of Castile, who distinguished himself by his devotion to the cause of astronomical science. The superstition of the day, however, opposed a formidable barrier to anything like progress. At length, in the fifteenth century, distinguished by so many great events, the genius appeared destined to change the whole face of astronomical science.

Nicholas Copernicus was born at Thorn, a city of Polish Prussia, in February 1473. He acquired the elements of Greek and Latin under the paternal roof, and afterwards studied philosophy and medicine in the university of Cracow, where he gained the title of doctor. His attention was, however, principally attracted by the study of mathematics; this he pursued with extraordinary zeal, and at the same time he obtained some knowledge of astronomy and the use of instruments. The fame of Regiomontanus inspired him with a desire to visit Italy; and at the age of twenty-three he set out for that country, where he first attended the lectures of the astronomer Dominic Maria, at Bologna. On his arrival at Rome, he was appointed to a professorship of mathematics; and after a residence in that city of several years, during which he pursued his astronomical observations, he returned to his native country. Through the influence of his uncle, the bishop of Warmia, he obtained a canonicate at Frauenburg, where he took up his residence, and continued his scientific studies. The openings which he

made in the walls of his chamber, in order to observe the passage of stars across the meridian, are yet to be seen in the house in which he lived. In the quiet and leisure afforded by his new position, Copernicus reflected on the doctrines taught by the astronomers he had visited, and comparing them with the ancient theories, was struck by the want of harmony in their arrangement of the universe. With a view to attempt the reduction of the discordant elements to some simple proposition, he read over a second time the existing works on astronomy. He found that Nicebas, and some other Pythagoreans, had made the sun the centre of all the planetary motions; while Apollonius of Perga, retaining the same general arrangement, made the sun in turn revolve round the earth—a system afterwards adopted by Tycho Brahe. Copernicus saw that the cycles and epicycles of Ptolemy were a confused attempt to explain the alternations in the movements of the planets, which he was led to believe might be accounted for by a much more simple process. The true relations of the parts to each other gradually unfolded themselves to his mind, until he became convinced of the immobility of the sun in the centre of the planetary system; while its apparent motion, and the alternations of day and night, were to be attributed to the annual and diurnal movements of the earth.

Something more than the mere possession of a great idea is required to constitute a great genius: there must be the faculty for looking at it in all its phases, and for testing it by the evidence of nature and of the senses. Copernicus had extensive astronomical knowledge, and a good geometrical genius, and the elaboration of his theory presents a memorable example of the power of patient and earnest thought in the investigation of a complicated subject, and acuteness of discrimination between the true and the fallacious. In his day, it must be remembered, the want of telescopes rendered all appearances in the sky much more difficult of explanation than they would have been a century later. To appreciate his services in the cause of science at their full value, we must place ourselves back in the times and circumstances that saw their birth. The accumulated errors and superstitions of fourteen centuries were not to be easily shaken or removed; neither were the prejudices and dogmas of the learned to be disturbed with impunity. What might have been astronomical science, was, even in the writings of the fathers, little better than a mass of absurd and subtle disquisitions on the substance of the heavens and planets. The latter were supposed to be hollow, and to be placed immediately under the waters, which were above the firmament, in order to keep it cool; while the earth floated in the waters which were under the firmament. The moon, too, came in for a due share of notice in the controversies: some asserted that her spots were the body of Endymion; others declared them to be a lion with his tail to the east; and a third party contended that she was made of pumicestone, and showed a human face. The doctrine of the earth's immobility was everywhere taught by the learned, and universally believed by the multitude. Of course any attempt to substitute a new theory could not fail to provoke much clamour.

Nevertheless, with the resolute perseverance that frequently accompanies true genius, Copernicus commenced a series of observations by which to verify his calculations; and having constructed the necessary instruments, he paused not in his investigations until the tables required for the prediction of the phenomena were completed. About the year 1507 he began to commit his thoughts to writing; and in 1530, at the age of fifty-seven, he had the satisfaction of seeing his manuscript labours brought to a close, in a work divided into six books, entitled '*De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium*,' in which the whole theory is reduced to one simple idea, exhibited with clearness and precision, constituting what is now known as the Copernican System; that is, that the sun is the centre of a system of planets which revolve round it, and that, consequently, the earth moves. The real distances of the planets, and the declination of the pole of the earth, were also explained.

However firm the conviction of Copernicus as to the

truth of his theory, he yet hesitated to make it public, dreading the opposition it would have to encounter, seeing that it opposed the inveterate prejudices of the learned, and the illusory testimony of the senses. It is one of the hereditary superstitions of human nature to contend pertinaciously for the canons we have once admitted, although only on the ground of custom. The less to offend the spirit of the age, Copernicus made scarcely any announcement of discoveries, and sought rather to disguise their novelty and importance under an assemblage of opinions derived from ancient writers. The fame of the new theory, however, found its way to the popular ear; and the first sign of opposition was manifested in a comedy, in which, like Socrates, the great astronomer was made the subject of ridicule. Yet such was the influence of his dignified and unobtrusive character, that the play never went to a public representation.

Moved at length by the urgent intreaties of some of his friends, and considering that delay only strengthened the cause of ignorance, Copernicus trusted his manuscript to his friend and disciple Rheticus, under whose care it was eventually published at Nuremberg in 1543, with a long explanatory title, commencing 'Nicolaï Copernici Torinensis, De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium Libri vi.,' and ending 'Igitur Erne, Lege, Fruere.' The book opens with a prefatory dedication to Pope Paul III., who is informed that the author had kept it by him for nearly four times the nine years recommended by Horace. Remembering that Lactantius had ridiculed those who asserted the globular form of the earth, he awaits similar criticism on his own researches, and doubts whether he would not do wisely to imitate the Pythagoreans and some other philosophers, who communicated their doctrines to their disciples only, not from jealousy, but fearing the contempt of the ignorant. He concludes with a reason for the publication—'It is,' he says, 'that I may not be charged with shunning the judgment of enlightened persons, and that the authority of your holiness may protect me from the teeth of slander.'

In May 1543, at the age of seventy, Copernicus died: the first copy of his book, forwarded by Rheticus, was placed in his hands only a few hours before he breathed his last. He appeared to be scarcely conscious of the object to which so many years of his life had been devoted. But his mission was accomplished: committed to the perpetuating operations of the infant printing-press, all danger was over of losing the germ of those great and fertile truths which, in our days, render astronomy the most perfect of sciences. The opposition to the new truth, anticipated by its illustrious author, was not slow to manifest itself—the intolerant spirit of the church, and of the Aristotelian philosophy, which rendered it almost as dangerous to offend the one as the other. Those were the days when the fagot and stake made short work with those who presumed to strike out a course of thinking for themselves. In the very year that Copernicus died, the celebrated Ramus, then a teacher at Paris, was censured by an edict of Francis I., as having manifested his ignorance by rash, arrogant, and impudent animadversions on Aristotle. The learned party, as was truly observed of them, were 'determined to punish as heresy what they could not refute as false philosophy.' Half a century later, they burned Giordano Bruno at Rome, for making himself conspicuous as a teacher of the Copernican doctrine, and an unsparing opponent of the Aristotelians. He has left us, in one of his writings, an instructive sketch of their character:—'They harden themselves,' he says, 'and heat themselves, and embroil themselves for Aristotle; they call themselves his champions; they hate all but Aristotle's friends; they are ready to live and die for Aristotle; and yet they do not understand so much as the titles of Aristotle's chapters.'

Among bigots so unscrupulous, the Copernican theory was little likely to meet with a favourable reception. Foremost in active opposition we find the Jesuits, who attacked it with all the virulence and learning for which their order has so long been celebrated. According to them, the new opinion was 'true in art, but false in nature;' and they were not sparing of denunciations on

the genius that had refused to be guided by their dogmas. Fienus, physician to the emperor of Bavaria, followed on the same side; and the celebrated Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, rejected the theory of his Polish predecessor, urging against it many, at that time, incontrovertible objections, supported by reasons drawn chiefly from Scripture. His principal argument against the motion of the earth was, that with an orbit of nearly 190,000,000 of miles in diameter, some change in the position of the fixed stars would be detected during its annual revolution. Copernicus, however, had proved that the fixed stars are too remote to be affected by the passage of the earth from one extremity of its orbit to the other; but the belief which placed the earth as the centre of the planetary motions, and made man the object for which all moved around him, was too flattering to the human mind to be easily abandoned. Tycho's opinions found many supporters; among whom the astrologers played no unimportant part. The casters of nativities were vehemently opposed to the opinion which added a planet to the recognised number, and disturbed all their calculations of stary influences. Their interest lay in fostering the popular prejudices. Seven, they contended, was a mysterious number: man, in his mouth, eyes, ears, and nostrils, has seven entrances to his head; a sufficient reason why there should be no more than seven planets in the heavens. That such absurdities were ever seriously entertained, might well be doubted, were it not for the ignorance which, in our own day, demands an edition of 200,000 of that notorious juggle, Moore's Almanac.

In proportion as the Copernican theory became known, did its opponents increase. Maestlin, who was afterwards Kepler's preceptor, gave to each planet seven principal spheres, which he denominated eccentricities, epicycles, and concentricitycles. Frascatoro ridiculed the notion that the stars moved in space: 'Not only reason,' he writes, 'but the very senses inform us that all the stars are carried round fastened to solid spheres.' In 1620, Copernicus's work, 'De Revolutionibus,' was condemned by the heads of the church at Rome, and inserted in their 'Index' of forbidden books, where it still remains. A few years later, Melchior Inchoffer, another Jesuit, wrote a treatise, in which he believed the question was finally disposed of. He quotes numerous texts of Scripture, and contends that the first verse of Genesis proves the earth is in the centre, since, in the formation of a sphere, the circumference must first come into existence. Many others of lesser note were equally ready with their contributions to the general error; and the epithet applied to one, a Veronese capuchin, by Micanazio of Venice, whom he had consulted on the printing of his book, will characterise them all—'He is,' said the latter, 'an ignorant beast, and is so enamoured of his absurdities, that he believes them more firmly than his Bible.'

The spirit with which the new doctrine was received in Italy is strikingly illustrated by many passages in the life of Galileo. This great man relates that the discourses of the German, Christianus Urstius, on the Copernican system at Padua, were listened to as 'a piece of solemn folly.' Writing to Kepler of some of his own observations, he says, 'I have not yet dared to publish them, fearing the fate of our master Copernicus, who, although he has earned immortal fame among a few, yet by an infinite number (for so only can the number of fools be measured) is exploded and derided;' and it was not without many subterfuges, to which the author was compelled to resort, that the publication was finally accomplished. Galileo's advocacy of the Copernican theory exposed him to ecclesiastical censure. 'The proposition,' so ran the sentence which condemned him to punishment, and his book to the flames, 'that the sun is in the centre of the world, and immovable from its place, is absurd, philosophically false, and formally heretical; because it is expressly contrary to the Holy Scripture.' Controversies on the new system sprang up over the whole of Europe: in 1643, Morin, a Frenchman, published his 'Almæ Terræ Fractæ'—['The Wings of the Earth Broken'], fully satisfied that he had completely demolished the theory of the

earth's motion. The doctors of the Sorbonne were about to pronounce against the innovating opinions, but were restrained by an appeal from one of their body, whose name has not been preserved. The famous Descartes said, entertaining the same mistaken views, 'I see nothing in Galileo's books to envy him, and hardly anything which I would own as mine.'

The frontispiece to Riccioli's '*Almagestum Novum*,' published in 1651, contains a curious illustration of the prevalent feeling—a figure with a pair of balances is seen weighing the Tychonian against the Copernican system: the truth of the former is shown by its overwhelming preponderance. This writer gives the names of fourteen authors who, up to his day, had written in favour of the Copernican theory, and thirty-seven against it; he brings forward seventy-seven arguments in support of the latter, and finds only forty-nine for the former: consequently, the mere force of numbers proved the impossibility. He urges a very general objection of the time—that if the earth did really turn on its own axis, things thrown up would not fall on the place from which they had been cast, and all loose objects would fly off like water from a wheel. A bird leaving her nest would never be able to find it again; and if a man leaped up but for one second, the earth in that time would have turned away from him a quarter of a mile. In vain had Copernicus declared that the atmosphere and everything on the earth partook of its motion—the evidence of the senses was against him. On Riccioli's own showing, the new system had not been left entirely without defenders. Among these the most able were Kepler and Galileo, both equally ardent and indefatigable in their search after truth. Referring to the subject in one of his letters, the learned Pascal wrote—'If we have unerring observations proving that it (the earth) turns round, not all mankind together can keep it from turning, nor themselves from turning with it.' Even Riccioli himself, notwithstanding his two folio volumes of adverse theories, was constrained to say—'Never can we sufficiently admire the genius and sagacity of Copernicus, who, by the motions of a globule like the earth, has explained what astronomers have never been able to represent without an absurd complication of machinery; and who, disengaging the fixed stars from their rapid diurnal motion, so difficult to reconcile with their general motion round the poles of the ecliptic, has happily explained the stations and retrogradations of the planets, and the precession of the equinoxes; who has destroyed three enormous spheres; who lastly, like Hercules, has been able to sustain alone a weight that has so often crushed an Atlas.'

Turning to our own country, we find Bacon, with all his genius, disinclined to admit the motion of the earth. Milton too, although struck with the want of harmony in the heavens, which he describes as

'With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.'

seems also to have doubted the truth of the new theory. But the most active opponent was Alexander Rosse, a voluminous Scottish writer, alluded to in Hudibras. If, however, churchmen had signalled themselves by opposing the Copernican system, let it not be forgotten that it is to a bishop we owe the first recognition of that system in England. Bishop Wilkins—all honour to him for his intrepidity!—clearly demonstrated, in reply to Rosse, that the earth is one of the planets; and that it performs revolutions round the sun. The writings of Wilkins did great service to the cause of truth; still the truth was slowly received, because it was at variance with a firmly-planted prejudice. The appearance of the '*Principia*,' of Newton, and the advancing spirit of intelligence, it might be thought, would have shown the utter uselessness of any further discussion on the subject. But in 1705 a work by the Hon. E. Howard was published at London, entitled '*Copernicans of All Sorts Convicted*.' So lately as 1806, Mercier, a Frenchman, wrote to prove '*L'impossibilité des Systèmes de Copernic et de Newton*;' and again, even so recently as 1829, an individual was found silly enough to publish a book called '*The Universe*

as It Is: wherein the Hypothesis of the Earth's Motion is Refuted, &c. &c. By W. Woodley.' This writer quotes the works of the deluded Richard Brothers as of more authority than all scientific treatises whatsoever. 'The world looks back with surprise,' observes an eminent writer,* 'at the error of those who thought that the essence of revelation was involved in their own arbitrary version of some collateral circumstance. At the present day, we can hardly conceive how reasonable men should have imagined that religious reflections on the stability of the earth, and the beauty and use of the luminaries which revolve around it, would be interfered with by its being acknowledged that this rest and motion are apparent only.'

Such were some of the arguments opposed to the truth of a system whose very irregularities are now proved to be confirmatory of its harmony. 'What a sublime and instructive picture is thus presented to man! While he and everything around him bear the impress of his fleeting nature—while even the solid globe on which he treads is rent by convulsions, and agitated in the conflict of its elements—yet does the general system stand unshaken amid the oscillations of its parts, and thus testify to each generation, as it comes, the wisdom and the power with which its great Architect has provided for the stability of his material throne.'

THE ONLY SON.

THE Rev. Cyril Danvers was about to ascend his village pulpit to preach his first sermon. A formidable effort was this to the young curate, for he was hardly six-and-twenty, and of a studious and retiring disposition. He stood in the little vestry, while the old man who fulfilled the combined lay and clerical duties of gardener to the rector, verger, and sexton, arranged his gown with ceremonious care. The tiny cracked looking-glass over the fireplace reflected the young clergyman's face—fair, and pleasant to look upon, but now changing from red to pale, like that of a timid girl. The last verse of the simple, but sweet and solemn hymn, resounded from within, warning the curate that he must muster up all his courage. A respectful 'God be with you, sir!' from the old man, turned his thoughts from his own natural timidity to the high and holy duty he had to perform; and the young curate walked from the vestry to the pulpit, with a pale face, indeed, and a beating heart, but with a quiet and religious feeling that befitted the time and place.

As Cyril Danvers began, his voice trembled, for he thought how much depended on this his first sermon; for on his talents and success hung the hopes, almost the means of subsistence, of a widowed mother and two young sisters; but as he proceeded, the sacredness of his task drove away all worldly thoughts, and he spoke with an earnest enthusiasm that went to the hearts of his simple hearers. Perhaps Cyril felt relieved that they were chiefly of the humbler class, and that his own good, but somewhat cold and stern superior, was absent from his pew, whose only occupant was the rector's daughter, Lucy Morton. We fancy all *Lucies* must be fair, and gentle, and good; and Lucy Morton did not belie her name, so that the young curate need have feared no harsh criticism from her. He was too lately arrived in the village even to know her by sight; but a passing glance at the rector's pew showed him a sweet face, lifted up with such pious and earnest attention, that it gave him courage; and Cyril Danvers ended his first sermon, feeling that the great effort of his life was over, and over well.

He walked to his lonely home through the quiet meadows, that lay sleeping in the Sabbath sunshine of June, with feelings of calm and thankful gladness, and thought of his future life with less doubt and hopelessness than he had done since the day when the young collegian had been called home to his dying father, to

* Whewell: History of Inductive Philosophy.

have intrusted to his loving care the three helpless women, whose sole stay and succour in this world was the only brother and only son. What a charm there is often in the words 'only son!' Sometimes it conjures up visions of petted childhood, unrestrained youth, heirship to broad lands, and everything that undivided love and fortune can bestow. But Cyril Danvers had to prove the darkness of the other side of the subject, when family cares, heavy enough for ripe manhood, overwhelm the youth of an only son, who has so many dependent on him alone, until nothing but love can make the burden lighter.

However, the young man had borne and triumphed over many cares; and when at last, a few weeks after the Sunday with which our tale begins, he brought his mother and sisters to a small but pretty cottage within a short walk of his new curacy, Cyril felt the quiet content of a man who has done his duty so far, and has reason to look forward to a season of tranquillity and happiness. Most joyful was he in having secured a home for his aged mother, and the two young and beautiful creatures who called him brother. But for him, these would have been thrown on the bitter world in utter helplessness; for, a hundred years ago—the date of our tale—women were but imperfectly educated, nor held the same position in society which they now justly sustain, and it was almost impossible for a young female, plunged from affluence into poverty, to gain a livelihood by any of the many ways through which unmarried and unprotected women may in our days honourably and successfully struggle against hard fortune. For this reason, the high-principled and affectionate brother murmured not for a moment at his burden, but was thankful that his own hardly-earned salary, and the poor remnant of his mother's dowry, would suffice to keep Frances and Jessie from suffering the bitterness of want.

The summer passed lightly and pleasantly over the curate's little family. There had been time enough to remove the shadow of death which had overwhelmed them when their father was taken away. The sisters and brother were all young, and in youth life is so easily made pleasant! even the void which death leaves is not eternal; and now the sole token of him who was gone, remained in the mourning garb of the widowed mother, which she would never lay aside, save for the garments of eternal rest. Light-hearted Jessie sang like a bird once more; was wild with joy at living in the beautiful country; and enticed Cyril from his books, and Frances from her charities in the village, where she and the rector's daughter were the good angels of the poor and needy. Lucy Morton had at first sight liked the curate's eldest sister, and the liking soon became love. Not that they were similar in disposition, for that friendship does not always require. Lucy's nature was joyous as a sunny summer's day, while Frances was like the same day—calm, serene, but sunless. Hers was the temperament over which sorrow never passes lightly, and she had one bitterness which her brother and sister were spared: Frances had loved, deeply and truly, and her change of fortune had for ever parted her from that love. She did not sink under the loss; but her smiles were less frequent, and more sad; and many of her companions used to say that Frances Danvers, at four-and-twenty, looked like one certain to be an old maid.

Nevertheless, every one loved Miss Danvers, from the village children, whom she taught to sing—to the wonder and annoyance of the rural Orpheus, a blacksmith, who was wont to lead the church-music, showing forth his six-feet height and stentorian lungs in front of the gallery—even to the grave rector himself, who invariably seemed pleased to see the gentle and ladylike Frances as his daughter's companion. Together they visited the poor and sick, often meeting, in their rounds, with the curate himself, on whom devolved much of the pastoral duties of the parish, and whose gentle manners, and earnest but unobtrusive zeal, endeared him every month more and more to the simple people among

whom his lot was cast. In this primitive region there were few above the rank of farmers, so that the rector's daughter, while too gentle to despise her more uncultured neighbours, felt and expressed herself very happy in having found associates of her own age, similar in station, education, and pursuits to herself.

The frank-hearted and unsophisticated Lucy did not disguise her love for Frances, nor the sincere pleasure she felt in the society of Cyril. Her laugh was gayest, her sweet face brightest, when he was by; until the student ceased to shut himself up with his books, and his countenance wore a look of continual happiness, which gladdened his mother's heart. All the winter, the four young people met almost every day; and it was only when the spring brought to the rectory a visitor, who took away a slight share of Lucy's society from them, that the curate and his sisters began to think how dull their little parlour was without the bright smile and cheerful voice of the rector's daughter.

Miss Hester Dimsdale, Lucy's guest, was one of those plain but attractive girls who make tact, good sense, and good nature atone for the want of beauty. She was very lively and open-hearted: too much so, perhaps, for she had a way of telling unpleasant truths, and of making cutting remarks, which she called 'speaking her mind,' but which was often anything but agreeable to the feelings of others. Her penetration discovered at once the state of things between her friend Lucy and the Danverses, and a few pointed words at once tore the veil from Cyril's eyes: he beheld his own heart, and while he saw, he trembled.

'Why are you so thoughtful, Cyril?' asked Frances one evening after she had for some minutes watched her brother, who sat with a book on his knee, though evidently not reading.

Jessie started up and looked over his shoulder. 'Why, he has been sitting here an hour, and has not even turned over the second page! A pretty student is my clever brother becoming!' said the laughing girl, shaking her curls in his face.

Cyril looked confused. 'I fear I am getting lazy, Jessie; but I have so many things to think about and to do.'

'And is that the reason you have been so grave lately? Why, Cyril, I have hardly seen a smile on your face since—yes, ever since Hester Dimsdale came.' 'Is that the grand era, then?' said her brother, forcing the long-absent smile to his lips.

Jessie looked very wise. 'Ah, I see how it is!' she answered in a sedate whisper. 'I know what has come over the grave Cyril Danvers—he loves some one!'

'Yes, I love my mother, and you, little torment!' interrupted the young man quickly, as he stooped over his kneeling sister and kissed her cheek, so that his face was hidden from her view.

'What! and not Frances too?' archly said the merry Jessie.

Cyril turned towards the elder sister a look which needed no words: it was evident he loved her even more than he did the gay damsel of eighteen, who was ever the pet of the family. Then he took up his book, and went silently into his own room.

The gay girl had touched a chord that vibrated fearfully in her brother's heart. Cyril did love, and love passionately; and he knew it was all in vain; for how could he hope to marry? Even had Lucy loved him—he never thought she did; but even had it been so, how could he tear from his heart and home those dear ties, without which cruel severance he could not hope to take a wife? The strife was very bitter in the young man's bosom. He had been so happy with his mother and sisters; and now it seemed that they stood between him and the girl he loved, so that, without sacrificing them, he could never hope to marry her. Sometimes he felt thankful that Lucy seemed not to love him, or the struggle would have been harder still. But then she regarded him kindly—he might soon have gained her love, had he dared; and her father was a kind,

good man, who would not oppose his child's happiness. Then poor Cyril fell at once from his pictured dream: he thought of his deserted sisters, alone and unprotected by the shelter of a brother's love, knowing that his income and his home were now the right of another, and they were desolate. He could not be the cause of this—not even to win Lucy.

No wonder was it that such an agonizing strife in his heart made Cyril's face mournful, much as he strove to hide his feelings from every eye. But it was terrible to have at times to struggle with the bitter thoughts that would rise up against the innocent ones who knew not how much he sacrificed for their sakes; and to be in the presence of her who had awakened this passionate and fatal love, was almost more than the young man could bear. He would have sunk under the conflict, but that it did not last long.

One day Hester Dimsdale came to announce her sudden departure, and Lucy was to return with her for a twelvemonth's visit to London; and the two girls had come to bid an abrupt adieu at the cottage. Frances was rather pained to see that her sweet friend Lucy so little regretted the parting. She might have been more sad; but then she was so young and gay, and was going to so many anticipated pleasures! When Lucy kissed Mrs Danvers with a tearful adieu, Frances forgave her at once for looking so happy. Cyril saw nothing, felt nothing, except that Lucy was going, that his heart was riven with despairing love, and that he must conceal it.

Frances and her brother walked home with them, in the twilight, across the still meadows. Cyril felt as if dreaming. He only knew that Lucy's hand trembled on his arm, and that her downcast face was sad as she spoke of her departure.

'Are you sorry to leave us?' asked Cyril in earnest tones, that mocked his attempts to conceal his feelings.

Lucy did not speak, but one large tear fell on the handful of bright flowers which Mrs Danvers had, for the last time, gathered for her favourite.

Another moment, and Cyril would have forgotten all his resolves, and poured forth his impassioned love; but Frances unconsciously turned round. He saw her pale, languid, though beautiful face, and the weakness was gone. The son and brother would not forsake his duty even for love.

When, after a passing silence, Lucy's voice beside him sounded cheerful as ever, Cyril thought with a stern joy that his love was unreturned, and became calm once more. As they parted, he looked with one fixed gaze of intense affection in her face, half raised her hand to his lips, then relinquished it without the kiss, drew his sister's arm within his own, and turned homeward.

For many weeks after Lucy had departed, the village seemed desolate indeed. So the curate's sisters felt and said; and Frances, with a quick-sighted earnestness, given by her own olden love, watched her brother's every look. But he seemed calmer than usual, spoke of Lucy in his usual tone, read her frequent letters, and even sent some few kind messages in answer to hers. The anxious sister was deceived. Concealment was impossible to her own womanly nature; she felt satisfied that she had been mistaken, for Cyril never could thus have hidden his love. She knew not the extent to which love can give strength of purpose.

It happened, too, that before very long another subject engrossed the thoughts of the tender sister. The gay and beautiful Jessie gained a lover; one who had seen her at the village church, wooed, and won her; for he was comparatively rich, handsome, and good wital, and worthy to be trusted with the youngest darling of the family. So in a few months Jessie Danvers became a bride.

There is always a vague sadness attendant on the first wedding in a family. It is the first tie broken, the first bird that leaves the nest to venture, on half-fledged wings, in a world untried. Mrs Danvers wept almost as much at her daughter's wedding as at her

husband's death. Frances, too, was sad: it brought back her own love-sorrows—unspoken, but still unhealed. Cyril only seemed cheerful: he was sorry to part with his sister, his pretty plaything from boyhood. But then Jessie was so happy; she loved, and was beloved; and the brother acknowledged to himself, without feeling it to be a sinful thought, that thus one bar had been removed from between himself and Lucy Morton. Cyril knew that she was still free, for she wrote unreservedly to Frances; and the delicious hope would come oftener and oftener to his heart, that sweet Lucy might be his wife after all. The young curate was always delicate in health; but now renewed hope lent a colour to his cheek, and a firmness to his step, so that when Frances left the village to pay a visit to the bride, she only quitted one happy home for another. As the affectionate sister looked upon Jessie's beaming face, and remembered Cyril's cheerful adieu, she felt glad that there was still happiness in the world; though, in her own bitter loneliness, she thought of the past, and wept.

The time did not pass wearily with Cyril and his mother, even though the visit of Frances extended from weeks to months. Her letters, too, had a cheerful, hopeful tone, which cheered them both; and Cyril, who knew not how deeply that sad first-love had entwined itself with every fibre of his sister's heart, thought with pleasure—in which it surely was hardly wrong if one selfish idea combined—that there might come a time when Frances too would be a happy wife, and his own reward for all he had sacrificed might be Lucy Morton's love. Thus Cyril would dream, as he sat by his winter fireside, and thought how that fireside would look with his aged mother in her arm-chair, and a young wife in the other, who wore the sweet face of Lucy Morton, until his countenance seemed radiant with joy, and Mrs Danvers would rouse her son from his reverie, to ask him what he was thinking about to make him look so happy.

When winter was stealing into spring, Frances suddenly returned. They had not known of her coming, and both mother and brother gazed with wondering delight on her face. She was still pale, but there was a soft light in her blue eyes, and a tremulous smile playing about her mouth, that told of some happy secret. After a few hours, Frances said, with a deep blush, that made the transparent cheek glow, until the once sedate Frances looked as beautiful as Jessie. 'Dear mamma! shall you be glad to see an old friend? Charles—that is, Mr Wilmington—said he should be passing Elmdale to-morrow; and—and—'

Frances could say no more; her arms were thrown round her mother's neck, and the blush and the smile ended in tears more delicious still. The secret was told: she had again met him, so long remembered; death had claimed the harsh father on whom he was dependent; and Charles Wilmington was free to woo and wed his early love. So the gentle Frances was not destined to be an old maid, but a happy wife, and that ere long.

'Why did you not write to us of this, my most mysterious sister?' asked Cyril, when he had given his warm brotherly congratulations.

'Because—because I thought I would rather tell you; and you know good news will bear delay,' said Frances, laughing and blushing.

'Then I had better delay mine. But no; I must tell you: old Mr Calvert died last month, and I was this morning greeted as rector of Charlewood.'

'What! the pretty village close by? I am so glad! My dear, dear Cyril, how happy you will be!' cried Frances joyfully.

'How happy I am!' answered her brother; and no one who looked on his radiant face could doubt it.

The brother and sister took their old twilight walk together through the green meadows that led to Elmdale. They were too happy to talk much; but they breathed the soft evening air, and looked at the tinted clouds, and thought—as hundreds of young hearts have

done, are doing, and ever will do—how pleasant is the evening of spring, and how sweet it is to love! Suddenly, from the old church of Elmdale, came the cheerful sound of marriage-bells; Cyril and Frances glanced at one another with that beaming half-conscious smile, the free-masonry of love.

'Who are those bells ringing for?' asked Cyril of the old sexton, who was hastily crossing the field.

'Don't you know, sir? But master went away, and told nobody, I think. It is Miss Lucy: she was married to a grand London gentleman yesterday morning.'

'Then that is the reason she has not written to me for so long,' said Frances, as the old man walked quickly away. 'But Cyril—oh, Cyril!' the sister almost shrieked, as she turned and saw the fearful expression of her brother's face. In a moment Frances read there the tale of hidden, self-denying, and now hopeless love. Without a word she led him to a bank, for he could not stand; and there, with his sister's hand in his, and her face bending over him in fearful sympathy, Cyril gave way to all his love—all his despair. Merrily the wedding-bells rang on: they sounded now like a funeral knell to the two, who went home through the gathering darkness. The gloom without was nothing to that within the hearts of both. How all things had changed in one little hour!

Charles Wilmington came, but his affianced bride met him with a welcome in which there was more of sadness than joy. Frances wished to defer her marriage; but Cyril would not suffer it. He gave his sister away to her long faithful lover, and tried to congratulate them, and to smile cheerfully; but it was a mournful wedding. Frances felt that her presence gave Cyril an additional pang; her own happy love was too strong a contrast to his desolate sorrow. The sister saw that it was best she should go; yet, as the carriage whirled her away, ever and anon that pale, agonized face floated between her and the husband so dearly loved; and amidst her bridal happiness, Frances mourned for her brother.

Cyril and his mother were now left alone together. He had exacted a promise from Frances, that neither this fond mother, nor Jessie, should ever be pained by the knowledge of his fatal secret; and so Mrs Danvers came to live at Charlewood Rectory with a feeling of unmixt pleasure and hope. Sometimes she thought her son looked sadder and paler than he had done for some months; but then Cyril was always grave, and never very strong. His new duties also took him so much away from her; for he was none of those idle shepherds, who think one day's tending in the week enough for the flock. And Cyril, however weary he came in, had always a smile and a cheerful word for his mother. He was too gentle and good to make her suffer for the deadly gloom which had fallen over his whole life: it was not her fault, nor that of his innocent sisters, that he had lost sweet Lucy Morton.

That name now was never breathed, save by Cyril himself, in the lonely hours of suffering, of which no one knew. She did not revisit Elmdale, but went abroad with her husband. Change of abode happily removed Cyril from many haunting memories of his lost love; and to every one else it seemed as though she had never been. After some years, many began to wonder why the young rector of Charlewood never married; but then he was so devoted to his aged mother, it might be that there was no room in his heart for any other love. Jessie's troop of children sported round their quiet, pale-faced uncle; and Mrs Wilmington, too, came with her little Cyril, so like his namesake, even in childhood. Frances saw that her brother was calm and content, engrossed with his high and holy calling. He never mentioned Lucy; and the sister returned to her beloved home, satisfied that Cyril was at peace, if not happy.

And she was right. Sorrow that brings with it no self-reproach can be borne in time with patience. Cyril had in great measure learned to look on life with less bitterness; he no longer suffered the uncontrollable

anguish which had at first prostrated him in the dust; but he never again recovered the cheerful spirit of old. It has been said that men never love like women—that they soon recover from a loss such as Cyril had felt: but this is not true. Rarely does a man love with his whole soul, as a woman does; but when he does, the passion lasts for a lifetime, with an intensity unknown to most women. Cyril's love had engrossed every feeling of a sensitive nature, united to a delicate frame, and neither ever completely rallied from the shock.

Every year that passed over Cyril's head, his slight form became more bent, and his face more colourless and thin. When little past thirty, he looked like a man whose prime of life had gone by. Winter ever brought with it pain and failing health, so that he was obliged to relinquish many of his duties to his curate. For months he seldom went beyond the rectory and the church, where his voice was still heard, but fainter and more unearthly each Sabbath that came. He rarely visited Elmdale, for Mr Morton had died not long after Lucy's marriage.

One Sunday, however, the then vicar requested Mr Danvers to supply his place at Elmdale church, and Cyril assented. It might be that he had a vague presentiment that it would be the last time he should lift his voice from the spot so hallowed by many old recollections. As he stood in the little vestry, all looked the same as ten years before, when he was about to mount the pulpit for the first time. It was the same season too, and the June sun lighted up the old walls as it did then. As Cyril passed up the stairs, he almost expected to see Lucy Morton's face again in the rectory pew.

In that pew, which was generally vacant, sat a lady and two blooming children. She raised her bowed head when the prayer was over, and Cyril beheld his first, his only, and lost love. Lucy sat in matronly grace, with her babes by her side, happiness and peace shining in every feature of her still beautiful face. A mournful shade passed over it when she looked at him whose love she never knew. What a contrast was there between the two now!

Cyril preached with a voice that was hardly more tremulous than usual. He shut out all earthly love from his eyes and his heart. But as he descended the pulpit, his very lips had an ashen hue, and the retiring congregation heard with pity and regret that he had fainted on reaching the vestry. The old sexton—he was living still—said that the long walk had been too much for poor Mr Danvers; and the farmers' wives shook their heads, and said that he was always too good for this world. Meanwhile Cyril went home, and never recrossed his own threshold more.

But though, in a few days, he lay down on his bed to rise no more, it was some weeks before the drear shadow folded his still arms round his prey. Frances came to her brother, and Cyril talked with that calmness and peace which the near approach of death often gives of all the past. His mind was clear and joyful. He spoke of Lucy; and with the quick ear of sickness, distinguished her voice and footstep in the room below, where she came almost daily to inquire about him, and to see her former friend. At first Frances could hardly bear to look upon her; but then she thought how wrong such feelings were, and listened to Lucy as she spoke of her beloved and kind husband, and her beautiful children, though it gave her many a pang when she remembered him who was now fast departing.

One morning Lucy came earlier than usual. She sat many minutes alone, and then Frances's footsteps sounded slow and heavily on the stairs, and she entered.

Lucy's eyes asked the question her tongue could not utter.

'All is well with him now,' said Frances, and her voice was strangely calm. 'My brother is at rest.'

Cyril had died that morning.

A few days after, Lucy and Frances sat together in

the darkened house. It was the night before all that was mortal of poor Cyril was given to earth. They could now speak of him without tears; and they talked of old times, and old pleasures shared with him who was no more.

Frances took the hand of her former companion. 'All is changed with us now, Lucy; we are no longer young, and our feelings are different from what they once were. It can do no wrong, either to the living or the dead, if I tell you, now that you are a cherished and devoted wife, that he who is gone loved you with a passionate love which ceased but with life.'

Lucy's face grew pale, and she burst into tears. 'Why—oh why did I never know this?'

'Because he could not hope to marry; and he was too honourable to drive his sisters from his home, or to bind the girl he loved by a doubtful engagement. He saw you did not love him.'

'Because he never said one word of love to me, or I should soon have learned to love him, and then he might not have died!' said Lucy, still weeping.

'Hush, Lucy! All is best now. You are happy—you love your husband.'

'I do love him; and he is worthy to be loved,' answered the wife earnestly. 'But poor, poor Cyril!' and again she wept.

'Do not mourn for him,' said Frances; 'he might never have had a long life; and who shall say that he did not feel the sweet peace of duties fulfilled, and of knowing that his self-sacrifice was not in vain? Lucy, I, Cyril's sister, amidst all my grief, shall love you, and feel that you have done no wrong. Yet it is very bitter!' cried Frances as her composure forsook her, and she bowed herself in agony. 'Oh, would that I had died for thee, my brother—my only brother!'

FORTUNES OF PHILIP YORKE.

THERE was once a little lad called Philip Yorke, who was born in the year 1690. His paternal ancestors had been of some consideration in the county of Wilts, but that was an old story now; and his father, who practised as an attorney, was very well contented to marry his two daughters, one to a dissenting minister, and the other to a tradesman in a country town. As for his mother, she was of the family of Gibbon—a rather famous name, having been borne by the historian of the latter days of Rome—who boasts of some alliance with a certain Lord Say and Seale, who was brought into notice by Jack Cade. Indeed his lordship, if we are to believe the historian, distinguished himself by his own misdeeds—inasmuch as he had 'most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school, causing printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, building a paper-mill—talking of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no one can endure to hear.' But all this was gone by; and the little lad, whose family could look back so far, was fain to get any education that was going at a school kept by a dissenter in Bethnal Green. At fourteen, his father desired to bring him up to the law; but his mother, who was in the way of knowing what the law was, insisted upon 'some honester trade' being found for the boy. Still, when a desk was offered him in the office of a respectable attorney in London, she did not persist in her scruples; and accordingly Philip Yorke mounted his desk seat in Brooke Street, Holborn.

Here, young as he was, he set himself to business in downright earnest, and very speedily attracted the attention of his master by his uncommon assiduity. But he did not confine his labours to office hours. The great obstacle in his way was a defective education, and this he set himself to remedy with zeal and perseverance. He was not contented with acquiring the necessary knowledge of law Latin: he would likewise read the classics. It is true he was never quite *au fait* of the prosody, and to his dying day was very shy of quota-

tions; but it was a great thing to be able to construe Virgil and Cicero. As for Greek, he did not pretend to be so far learned as that. His master was at length so well satisfied with his conduct, and so convinced that talents and industry like his only wanted encouragement to be followed by brilliant results, that he entered him as a student in the Temple. Here was a chance for young Philip Yorke! But even this dignity had its attendant indignities; for the attorney's wife considered it only fair and proper to make the 'gratis clerk' useful, and therefore never scrupled to despatch him on family errands, highly derogatory to the honour of a Temple. When this had gone on for some time, the master, in settling his periodical accounts with Philip, was surprised to find such entries as these: 'Coach hire for roots of celery and turnips from Covent Garden market'—'Ditto for a barrel of oysters from the fishmonger's'—whereupon a consultation took place between the husband and wife, in which it was decided that the practice of the latter was clearly against the rules of good housewifery.

It must not be supposed, however, that Philip's professional business was very dignified. Attending captions, and serving processes, are not very gentlemanly employments; but they were necessary to a young lad who could contemplate nothing but the necessity, when his studies were over, of going upon the roll of attorneys, with perhaps a misty prospect of the office of clerk to the magistrates at petty sessions. All on a sudden, however, the attorney was asked by Lord Chief-Justice Parker if he knew of any decent and intelligent person fit to be employed as a sort of law tutor for his sons; and Philip Yorke receiving his master's strong recommendation, removed at once from Brooke Street to Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here he studied something of more consequence than Latin or Greek—namely, English; a study, says Lord Campbell, 'generally so much neglected by English lawyers, that many of the most eminent of them will be found in their written "opinions" violating the rules of grammar, and without the least remorse constructing their sentences in a slovenly manner, for which a schoolboy would be whipped.' At that time Addison's Spectator was coming out in numbers; and Philip was so well satisfied with his progress in English, that he would needs try a paper. And, what is more, that paper actually appeared, and proved distinctly—although it proved nothing more—that the author had learned to write his mother tongue.

But Philip Yorke was not cut out for an author: and he knew it. He attended the courts closely, revising and digesting his notes in the evening; and with actual practice in prospect, he took care to study elocution and oratory. He was at length called to the bar in his twenty-third year; and enjoying, as he did, the good opinion of his former master the attorney, and of his present patron Chief-Justice Parker, and recommended to all who knew him by uniform good conduct, it is not very surprising that he should have met with immediate success. Still, many people were surprised; and on one occasion at a circuit dinner, Mr Justice Powis, addressing the flourishing junior, who was sitting nearly opposite to him, said, 'Mr Yorke, I cannot well account for your having so much business, considering how short a time you have been at the bar; I humbly conceive you must have published something; for, look you, do you see, there is scarcely a cause before the court but you are employed in it, on one side or other. I should therefore be glad to know, Mr Yorke, do you see, whether this is the case?' Yorke. 'Please ye, my lord, I have some thoughts of publishing a book, but as yet I have made no progress in it.' The judge, smiling to think that his conjecture was not quite without foundation, became importunate to know the subject of the book; and Yorke, not being able to evade his inquiries, at last said, 'I have had thoughts, my lord, of doing Coke upon Littleton into verse; but I have gone a very little way into it.' Powis. 'This is something new, and must be very entertaining; and I beg you will

oblige us with a recital of a few of the verses." Mr Yorke long resisted; but finding that the judge would not drop the subject, bethought himself that he could not get rid of it better than by compounding a specimen of such a translation, and accordingly recited the following verses, as the opening of his proposed work:—

"He that holdeth his lands in fee,
Need neither to quake nor to quiver,
I humbly conceive; for look, do you see,
They are his and his heirs for ever."

'The learned judge took this for a serious attempt to impress upon the youthful mind the great truths of tenures, and meeting Mr Yorke a few months afterwards in Westminster Hall, he inquired "how he was getting on with the translation of Littleton?"'

Philip Yorke now determined to marry, and in his choice of a wife he exhibited his usual prudence. He married a widow, with a good temper and a good jointure, and never had reason to regret it, though they both lived to a good old age.

In 1718, Chief-Justice Parker (afterwards Lord Macdlesfield) became the lord chancellor, and Mr Yorke transferred himself to the Court of Chancery, where his patron distinguished him by a partiality, which some suppose was the cause of the enmity that eventually precipitated his own downfall. Yorke, however, proceeded on his usual plan—that is to say, he studied hard. He did not take things as he found them, but made it his business to understand the origin, history, and nature of the jurisdiction he had now to deal with. All this had its usual effect. Lord Macdlesfield prevailed upon the Duke of Newcastle to send his protégé into parliament. Yorke may have felt elated, but he did not show it. He entered the House of Commons; and no special occasion offering for a speech, he sat there for several months, and then went on the Spring Circuit, without having opened his lips. At this time some personal squabbles that had been going on between the two great law officers of the crown, the solicitor-general and attorney-general, became so odious, that one of them was turned about his business. What was this to Yorke? The following letter, which he received upon attending the assizes at Dorchester, will show:—

"SIR—The king having declared it to be his pleasure that you be his solicitor-general in the room of Sir William Thompson, who is already removed from the office, I with great pleasure obey his majesty's commands, to require you to hasten to town immediately upon receipt hereof, in order to take that office upon you. I heartily congratulate you upon this first instance of his majesty's favour, and am with great sincerity, sir, your faithful and obedient servant,
PARKER, C."

When presented to the king on his taking office, he received the honour of knighthood.

This happened when he was only twenty-nine years of age, and when he had been practising at the bar only four years; and the consequence of course was abundance of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. But he disarmed enmity by the gentleness of his manner, and commanded confidence by his solid talents and unwearied industry.

In three years Sir Philip Yorke was promoted to be attorney-general; and in two years more came the impeachment of his patron, Lord Macdlesfield, who was denounced as 'a trafficker in judicial affairs, and a robber of widows and orphans.' On this occasion the *parvus* begged to be left out of the conduct of the prosecution, and obtained his request with difficulty; but that appears to be the utmost extent to which his prudence permitted his gratitude to go. On the fall of Lord Macdlesfield, he attached himself devoutly to the Duke of Newcastle, 'who was hardly gifted with common understanding, and did not possess the knowledge of geography and history now acquired at a parish school.' In 1733, Sir Philip Yorke was made Chief-Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and elevated to the peerage by the title of Baron Hardwicke; and in

five years after, Lord Talbot dying suddenly, the attorney's *gratis clerk* became the Lord High Chancellor of England.

This wonderful fortune was not the result of natural genius and occasional exertion, but of steady, well-directed, and persevering industry, assisted by gentle, not to say insinuating manners, and a propriety of conduct and moral bearing, on which it has never been attempted to throw the slightest stigma. As chancellor, 'he in a few years raised a reputation which no one presiding in the Court of Chancery has ever enjoyed, and which was not exceeded by that of the great Lord Mansfield as a common law judge. The wisdom of his decrees was the theme of universal eulogy. Such confidence was there in his administration of justice, that the business of the court was greatly increased; and it is said that more bills were filed under him than at any subsequent time, although the property administered by the Court of Chancery has since been increased sevenfold. There were still rare complaints of delays in Chancery, from the intricate nature of the inquiries, the death of parties, and other inevitable obstructions to the final winding up of a suit, but by great exertion, arrears were kept down, "and this is fondly looked back upon as the golden age of equity."'

In 1754 he was created Earl of Hardwicke and Viscount Royston. This honour was desired by himself, but delayed as long as possible by his wife, from a fear of the effect it might have on the mind and manners of their two daughters. Two years after this he resigned the great seal into the king's hands, who received it from him with many expressions of regret and respect; and in 1764, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, after having accumulated an immense fortune, and magnificently provided for all his relations and dependants, he submitted to the common lot of mortality with the forethought and deliberation which distinguished his character.

The materials for the above sketch are collected from the recently-published fifth volume of Lord Campbell's 'Lives of the Lord Chancellors.' We look upon this memoir to be one of the most usefully suggestive in the series; and we throw it into the present form, in order to fix the reader's attention upon the facts of the 'strange eventful history,' undisturbed by the episodes and reflections of biography.

EFFORTS AT SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

SCARCELY a day elapses in which we do not receive one or more documents connected with social progress. It would appear that, all over the country, in small as well as in large towns, efforts are making to establish and sustain institutions calculated to improve the mental condition of the people. In very many instances, these efforts make little or no newspaper appearance. Plans are matured quietly, and carried into execution unobtrusively. So far as we can observe, a number of the institutions thus originating are professedly for mutual improvement. The principle of employing hired lecturers succeeds only in connection with large establishments: where only a handful of persons are concerned, with little money to spare, the members are necessarily driven on their own capabilities—those who have a little more knowledge than the others volunteering to act as instructors. We are hopeful that plans of this kind will answer every reasonable purpose. In every locality there are persons who possess sufficient ability to become the advisers and teachers of others.

A library is the point round which the members of such institutions rally. An improvement society without a library of some kind, would be like a system without a sun. Fortunately, a library is not difficult to commence; and when once begun, it is surprising how soon a collection of books swells into importance. A mutual improvement society lately begun by a few ploughmen in Aberdeenshire, has already, we are told, a pretty fair collection of books, and is otherwise doing

well. And it could scarcely fail to do so. All that is wanted is a little energy, in union with a little common sense, and any dozen of rural labourers may instruct themselves in a manner which would not discredit much higher circles. The value of a small library of miscellaneous literature in a country district—say no more than a hundred volumes, mostly of a cheap class—cannot be too highly estimated. Vacant hours in the evening, formerly spent in listless idleness, or degrading amusements, are devoted to reading, and by and by a sensible improvement in the morals of the neighbourhood is effected. A few days ago, when visiting the house of a parish clergyman in a mountainous, though agricultural district of Scotland, he mentioned that a remarkable change for the better had taken place in the morals of the neighbourhood within the last twelve months, in consequence of a small library which he had set on foot. Among the population, young and old, there was already created an eager thirst for reading, which unconsciously banished tastes and habits of a meaner kind.

On our way to the above district, we had occasion to pass through a small county town, where a reading-room on a peculiar plan had been established about a year ago, and was now in a flourishing condition. The way in which this useful engine of instruction had been brought into, and kept in existence, deserves notice. A small committee of management, who assumed the institution and direction of the establishment, procured the use of a public hall gratis; and this apartment was already furnished with a table and forms. Newspapers were supplied from divers individuals, also gratis. Gentlemen at a distance, who take an interest in the undertaking, send London and other papers daily; many papers have come even from America and India, the gift of natives of the town; in short, the quantity of papers which are contributed is immense. On the day of our visit to the room, from forty to fifty different papers—English, Scotch, Irish, Isle of Man, Jersey, British American, United States, Bombay, and Australian—lay on the table; the whole forming quite a feast to the various readers. We were told that the average attendance daily is about fifty persons, most of whom, however, make two or more visits. The only expenses incurred are for one or two newspapers, which it is considered necessary to have regularly and promptly, along with two magazines and a review, at half price. The providing of attendance, and fire in winter, with lights, forms also an unavoidable cause of outlay; but it is confidently expected that the voluntary contributions dropped into a box in the room, and money from the sale of papers, will leave only a trifle to be raised by subscription. Admission is free to all. The whole population are invited to come and read for nothing; and this is a boon of so much value, that one could reasonably have expected to hear of a greater attendance than that above alluded to. The pleasures and advantages of literary recreation, however, are everywhere slowly appreciated. Men accustomed to stand thirty years in the street with their hands in their pockets, do not all at once fall in with the fashion of reading newspapers or monthly periodicals. Everything in the way of mental improvement requires time; and perhaps, after all, little is to be expected from the old or middle-aged. The great thing is to prevent the young from forming bad habits; and this, to all appearance, is done by the reading-room which we speak of. As one means of improvement usually leads to another, a library has just been added, which will greatly promote the objects of the institution.

The account of the above reading-room will suggest what may be accomplished in thousands of situations where no place of resort exists, at least for popular improvement. There must be an incalculable number of newspapers, of one kind or other, wasted after being read. Why should a single paper be destroyed, while there are millions of people mentally famishing for want of any accessible literature? Every news-

paper bears a stamp, and this gives it wings to fly over the whole country. Without expense, and with no other trouble than the tying of a piece of string, and the writing of a name, off it will go to any part of the United Kingdom, even to the obscurest hamlet. Hack-nied and useless though it seem to the sender, with what delight is it received at its destination! A 'Times,' read and tossed aside in a London counting-room, is new to the inhabitants of a village hundreds of miles distant, and is read with an avidity greater than that with which it was received wet from the press. We would, then, endeavour to press on all persons who have used newspapers at disposal, the propriety and benevolence of despatching them to parties who are not in the way of seeing them. Little recommendation, however, will be necessary. Most people would be glad to find an outlet for what becomes a nuisance in their parlours. What we must incite people to do, is to get up reading-rooms in various parts of large towns, and also in small towns and villages, to which used papers could be gratuitously sent. Let the directors of these institutions make known their wants to all who are likely to assist them—natives of small towns living in cities or abroad not to be forgotten—and there can be little doubt of their success.

We have seldom heard of a body of artisans doing anything more likely to be useful to themselves than that which has just been undertaken by the operative printers of Newcastle-on-Tyne. These individuals have organised themselves into a society, to be called the Newcastle and Gateshead Typographical Mutual Improvement Society; the object being the improvement of the profession generally, but more particularly in reference to the training of youth in a knowledge of the rise and progress of the art of printing, as well as to imbue them with a spirit of emulation to become more proficient workmen, to promote a better general knowledge of all matters appertaining to the trade, and to cultivate the moral, intellectual, and social well-being of all parties connected with it. The ordinary members of the institution are to consist of journeymen printers and apprentices; honorary members are to be employers, and others connected with the press, and donors of books or money. Besides addresses on the history and peculiarities of the art of printing, likely to improve the professional taste, lectures are to be delivered on generally scientific subjects. A library is formed for reference and instruction.

Every one must wish well to a scheme fraught with so much benefit to the parties interested. As soon as the prospectus of the society came under our notice, we felt that such an association was needed, and we should be glad to hear that it was imitated in Edinburgh and other cities. According to existing arrangements, apprentices receive only technical instruction in the particular department to which they are put. They never hear a word of general principles; they may grow up in ignorance of every interesting fact connected with their profession; and even as journeymen, they may be deficient in a knowledge of nice peculiarities in the art, which an improvement of taste would suggest. The scheming of handsome titles, of neatly-shaped pages in reference to size of type, and similar matters, form exceedingly suitable themes for general and mutual instruction among compositors. As to pressmen, how few are able to distinguish niceties in colour! In printing a book, one sheet will be made pale and another dark, by which general uniformity in the volume is destroyed. Among the high-skilled pressmen of London a better knowledge prevails; but rarely have we seen proficiency in this respect in any provincial printing. It is this defect alone—a defect arising entirely from want of care and taste—that keeps provincial typography inferior to that of London. To this imperfection, and also to a general ignorance in the art of printing wood-engravings, we beg to direct the attention of the Newcastle Society. We cannot conclude our notice without expressing a hope that other operatives

besides printers may see the importance of associating for professional improvement.

Of the value of, and necessity for, mechanics' institutions, as respects general elementary instruction, we have a striking testimony in the report just published of the Mechanics' Institution of Huddersfield. This useful establishment is attended by 778 students, pretty nearly all of whom are operatives, or lads belonging to factories. The great business of the institution seems to be the conducting of classes; but there are, besides, a library, to which 500 members resort; a reading-room, weekly lectures, and an annual soirée; the members generally enjoy likewise an annual cheap trip by railway, on which occasion there are some festivities. The main thing, however, as we have said, are the classes, which are held in the evening; nor, from the account before us, are these means of improvement unnecessary. What a revelation of the illiterate condition of a busy manufacturing town in England, is afforded in the following candid statement:—

'The education of the working-classes in the town and neighbourhood has always been kept steadily in view by the committee, as the first and most important object of their high trust; and the large extent to which their exertions and appeals in this direction have been responded to by the working-classes, is regarded as an augury of much practical good, and of true success for the future. Whilst the committee, however, are rejoiced at the regular and frequent attendance of a large portion of the members, they cannot but regret that so many uneducated young men who enter the classes are deterred from continuing in them on account of the difficulties which beset them at the commencement, and who leave them in utter despair of achieving the mastery of the commonest rudiments of learning. There are the names of a large number of such men on the books, who, after paying for the first fortnight in advance, never appear again in the financial columns. These persons, in passing through the probationary class, where they are examined by the secretary, are for the most part totally deficient even in elementary knowledge, and many of them are unable either to read or write. Their average age is from eighteen to twenty-five. The committee, fully alive to the necessities of this class, have long ago provided separate teachers in the reading department to meet the emergency, and apportioned a separate room for their exclusive use during the hours of their meeting; and there are other elementary classes, from simple addition to the compound rules in arithmetic, and like elementary classes for writing. Notwithstanding all this, however, there are some men who, conscious of their deficiency, and of the insurmountable hindrance which ignorance presents to all the advancements and noble immunities of life, cannot be persuaded to devote themselves to a necessary culture. And whilst the committee would sympathise with their unhappy condition, and regret the hard circumstances which may have operated against their education in early life, yet still they feel that they should scarcely be discharging their duty, if they did not offer them a word of friendly and faithful admonition. They would say—You have never given a fair trial of your own strength against the armed power of knowledge. You have given up the contest the moment you entered the lists, without so much as meeting your antagonist, and defying him to the hazard of a battle. This is neither brave nor manly. Who gave knowledge the immense power she possesses, and armed her with those swords of flaming fire which terrify you so much? It was the mind and industry of man. And are not you also a man—having the same average faculties of all other men? What one man can do, another man—and, generally speaking, all men—can accomplish. It is the will, and not the capacity, which is so frequently wanting in the fight for learning; and the experience of the committee in connexion with the working-classes will justify them in saying, that few amongst them who have the will lack the power to learn, and that num-

bers of them, even in our own institution, are capable of advancing to the regions of the higher culture. Let no man, therefore, be abashed by difficulties. If he once stir himself under them, they will, as they have ever done, vanish away, and leave him free to advance onward. "Who art thou that saith there is a lion in the way? Rise, sluggard, and slay the lion! The road has to be travelled."

The classes for arithmetic, writing, grammar, and logic, design, ornamental and mechanical drawing, elocution, music, French, German, geography, and history, are reported to be all doing useful service. An institution performing so much good has our best wishes.

An attempt at another species of improvement in the condition of operative bodies is now making in different parts of England. This consists in clubbing means to purchase articles at wholesale prices, with a view to distribution among members. Thus we see proposals to establish a co-operative corn-mill, a co-operative baking establishment, the co-operative purchase of groceries, and so on. No one can find any fault with these arrangements. The higher classes club for various purposes, why should not mechanics? Considering the immense sum in the aggregate paid as wages to the operative classes—as, for example, the large sum which is distributed weekly in Glasgow or Manchester—it has always appeared to us a remarkable thing that there was so little clubbing of means for economic objects. We fear that a too common cause of the phenomenon is the want of a general knowledge of business among the working-classes, also a want of settled purpose or steadiness, and perhaps a want of confidence in each other. Having often experienced the deceitfulness of persons who pushed themselves forward to act as managers and treasurers, they may well dread a recurrence of financial disaster.

In 'The Herald of Co-operation,' a paper which appears to be the organ of co-operative principles, allusion is made to a plan for bettering the condition of the working-classes, described by us a year or two ago in connexion with the proceedings of a Parisian house-painter. This plan consists in workmen having a pecuniary interest in the establishment to which they are attached. Instead of depending altogether on wages, they receive a share of the profits, much on the principle pursued in the pastoral regions of Scotland, where the shepherds are paid partly by the profits derived from sheep, their own property, which mingle with the flocks of their employer. We can conceive that plans of this kind might answer every desirable purpose in various professions, though, according to the existing laws of partnership in England, it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to carry them into execution. We are less sanguine of the success of schemes of co-operation in trade, where the partners are all to be manual labourers with a portion of capital. In a ready-money business, as in selling bread, the obstacles to success are insignificant; but when we come to extensive concerns, where capital must be expended and returns waited for, in some cases for years, the chances are greatly against the project turning out satisfactorily. In the article treating on this subject in the above paper, no allowance is made for possible losses or delays in paying debts. This is a matter, however, which requires serious consideration. In the conducting of most businesses, profits are slowly realised, quickly as they may appear to be effected. A tradesman, on making up a balance-sheet at the end of a year, perhaps finds that he has made £500 of profit during the past twelve months; but that, strangely enough, he cannot take more than £10 or £20 of cash from the concern. The profits are all in figures—so much for debts owing to him, and so much for accumulated stock. Debts, if not bad, come in of course in time; but the tendency to an increase of stock is a terrible drawback on money returns. The stock may be in goods, or mechanism wherewith to carry on the trade; but in any form, it is equally obstructive of the principle of taking and dividing money

profits periodically. It is from this cause that so many persons in trade are ruined by paying out partners. The bulk of the assets being in stock, the proportion belonging to a retiring partner needs to be paid in cash; and the struggle to carry on business after paying this cash, which is effected by entering into serious obligations, often leads to bankruptcy. It is quite possible to become insolvent, and yet possess assets nominally worth more than would pay every one twenty shillings a-pound.

All this we mention in a friendly way to bodies of working-men who feel inclined to attempt co-operative trading. The subject is one of great difficulty, not only in consequence of its novelty, but the state of the law, and other circumstances. Our belief, on the whole, is, that operatives, as a class, are not prepared to enter on projects involving a considerable amount of capital, enterprise, and risk. But there is no reason why they should not prepare themselves for taking advantage of any reasonable scheme of this nature which may be and by offer. With this end, it is desirable in the meanwhile that three things should be steadily kept in view, and upon this there can be no mistake. Every man proposing to rise out of his sphere requires, first, to possess the general instruction and intelligence which would adapt him for performing the function of a partner; second, he requires to save and accumulate a certain amount of capital, the whole of which he must be prepared to peril or lie out of for a time; and third, he requires to train himself in those habits of self-denial which would insure his conservation of whatever advantages fell to his share. All working-men who possess these three requisites are ready to become partners in a co-operative trading system; and if their plans be well matured, we wish them speed. Those who do not—and we fear the bulk of the operative body are in this condition—must wait. Self-culture, economy, steadiness—how much is kept back in the social world in consequence of your lingering delays!

A TRIP ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.

I WAS attached to a ten-gun brig, on the West India station, when we were ordered to Chagre with despatches for Panama. Chagre was a miserable, dirty village, which, however, derived some importance from being at that time the starting-place from the Atlantic to Panama, and also the port at which specie and goods from Panama, destined for England *via* the West Indies, were embarked.

The despatches with which we were charged were not only important, but urgent; and being out of the regular course of the mail, we could find no courier at Chagre to convey them to Panama; and as I had a great desire to cross the isthmus, I volunteered my services as courier, and made arrangements for starting on the following morning. Fortunately I found at Chagre a merchant who was also desirous to cross. He was an exceedingly pleasant Scotchman, who had been to Panama several times, and spoke the 'Columbian Spanish' like a native.

We engaged a large canoe, the after-part of which was covered by a caravan-roof, composed of wicker-work and stout grass mats. This formed an excellent defence from the sun by day and the heavy dew by night; and had it not been for the mosquitoes, which invaded our snugery like an army of trumpeters, singing in our ears, and stinging us right and left, we should have been comfortable enough. As it was, we smoked, to endeavour to choke them; and by laughing at our troubles, we made them lighter. In truth we had great need of all our philosophy, for the current ran so strong, that the four stout Indians who composed our boat's crew were obliged to abandon the paddle, and pole up the river the whole distance of sixty miles; consequently it was not until the afternoon of the third day that we landed to refresh ourselves on the bank, a few miles below the point where the part of the journey by water terminates. Thus far the journey had been exceed-

ingly monotonous and tedious; the only amusement being an occasional shot either at birds—which, if they fell, were lost in the woods, growing in wild luxuriance to the water's edge—or at a lazy alligator basking in the sun on a bank of mud, and which, if the ball struck his impervious hide, rolled over and over like a log, till he sunk beneath the stream and disappeared. The heat by day was intense; for although the river is very deep, it is very narrow, and so choked with foliage on both sides, that a breath of agitated air is an unknown luxury. Then, although the heights were cooler, it was impossible to meet with a vacant spot to take exercise; and it may be imagined that three days and two nights of such purgatory was irksome in the extreme.

The spot where our canoe was now hauled up on the muddy bank commanded a beautiful view, considering it was in a wilderness, and flat. On the opposite side of the river nature had formed for herself a perfect park; the velvet lawns sloped and undulated as if they had been laid out by elaborate art, whilst the majestic trees, centuries old, 'now singly stood, and now in groups,' and it only required a stretch of fancy to picture an old baronial hall in the distance, to transport one in imagination from a wilderness where possibly the foot of man had never trodden, to a country-seat in dear old England; so true is it that all the beautiful designs of art may be traced to nature for their model.

It was during our rest at this place that I nearly lost 'the number of my mess;' the Indians were busied making a fire of dried sticks to roast a guana I had shot, and I determined to take advantage of their absence from the canoe to make my toilette. I was leaning over the side of the boat, bathing my head in the rapid stream, when the canoe suddenly tilted with my weight upon her gunwale, and losing my equilibrium, I plunged headlong into the river. How wonderful is the flight of thought! I could not have been more than a few seconds under water, and yet in that brief space I recollected not only that alligators were abundant, but that, about a fortnight before, a brave officer had lost his life by falling into this same river, and getting, as was supposed, into a strong under-current, was hurried away by it, and unable to rise to the surface. What an age it seemed before I shook my head above the water; and when I did so, I found the stream had already swept me a considerable distance from the canoe, and more into the middle of the current. 'Courage!' shouted the captain of the boat's crew.

'Are there any alligators?' I cried.

'Oh no,' said he, laughing encouragingly; and in a few minutes I reached the bank, and, by a desperate effort, threw myself on a bed of mud, from which I emerged darker in hue than our sable boatmen.

At about nine in the evening we arrived at Cruces, the place where the water-carriage ceases; and proceeding to the 'head inn,' I pleased myself with visions of a good dinner, and a refreshing night's rest, preparatory to the ride of thirty miles onward to Panama on the day following. Alas that our waking visions should so often prove no less illusory than our dreams of the night!

The head inn was not a dwelling for either feasting or repose: the room into which I was shown to rest for the night was furnished with two grass hammocks, suspended from the rafters, and exactly resembled a large net made from the tough variegated grasses of South America, the meshes being about the size, and the network about the strength and substance, of an ordinary cabbage-net. I stretched myself in one of these, and had just begun to enter the realms of Somnus, when I was startled by the shrill crowing of a cock within a yard of my ear. This was followed by another, and another crow, and anon half-a-dozen throats were screaming defiance at one and the same moment. The noise in so confined a place was absolutely painful, and jumping out of the hammock, I discovered that there were eight fighting cocks, each tied by the leg,

in the four corners, and in the centre of the four sides of the room. We cannot afford to be very particular on board ship as to noise, and by long habit, we sleep through the scrubbing decks, or the tramp of a hundred men immediately overhead; indeed I have known a man sleep undisturbed by a salute of cannon fired on the deck above him: but the screaming of eight fighting cocks, with the accompaniment of flapping of wings, and struggling to free themselves, was beyond even a sailor's powers of somnolency, and I rushed into the open air in despair.

I may remark that the love of cock-fighting amongst the Creole Spaniards amounts to a passion. At Santa Martha, and Carthagena, and other places, I have seen heavy sums change hands at cock-fights; and judging from the living ornaments of my sleeping apartment, the passion for this species of amusement must have been equally strong at Cruces.

As soon as I found my friend the merchant, he very kindly acceded to my desire to proceed to Panama that night. It having become known that we intended to cross, four or five Spanish travellers requested to join us; and after some delay in procuring mules and a guide, our cavalcade left the head inn, and took the road to Panama.

It was a lovely night; the full moon literally flooded the landscape with her splendour; but after riding about a mile from Cruces, we entered upon the actual road, and there the trees, and banks, and excavated rocks on either side so perfectly excluded the moon's rays, that it was impossible to see the road, which was in a most ruinous state, never having been repaired since it was first made by the Spaniards some fifty years before. At one moment the mule was stumbling over a heap of stones, which the torrent of the rainy season had piled together; and the next, he plunged into the hole from which they had been dislodged. Of course our progress was very slow, and at seven o'clock in the morning we were still ten miles from Panama, having been eight hours travelling the twenty miles from Cruces.

As the road up to this time had been almost one continued lane, running between banks more or less steep, I considered there could be no danger of missing the party if I dismounted to refresh myself, by bathing my face in a clear brook which rippled across the road. I was rather behind the rest, and my stopping was not observed by any one, for all were jaded and silent with the tedious and laborious journey of the night. Having finished my ablutions, I endeavoured to push on to overtake the cavalcade; and although I could not see any of them, I concluded that it was simply some turn of the road which concealed them from my sight. The beast I rode, however, was either knocked up, or had never been accustomed to any pace faster than a walk. In vain I coaxed or flogged him; flagellation seemed rather to retard than accelerate his movements: in vain I struck the spurs, with rowels the size of penny-pieces, into his ribs; I might as well have spurred a rhinoceros, for out of a deliberate walk he would not move. After travelling about a mile in this way, I came to a large open plain nearly surrounded by a wood. I looked in all directions, but could discover no trace, not even the print of a hoof, from which I might judge which way my companions had gone. But as the sagacity of the mule is by some wise man said to be equal to his obstinacy, I threw the reins upon the neck of mine, and suffered him to 'go his own way'; and he, crossing the plain in a straight line, entered the wood. At first the trees were so thick, and the branches so interwoven, that it was difficult to force a passage; but after a while the wood became more open, and having proceeded so far as to have lost all chance of finding the way out again, the mule suddenly stopped on the brink of a very extensive marsh, muddy and overgrown with rushes. The spot upon which he stood was clear, and the grass excellently good, to judge by the avidity with which my quadruped attacked it. I dismounted,

and paused for some time, revolving in my mind what was to be done. I was hemmed in by the wood, except where it was bounded by the marsh, and to return to the forest again, would be only to get into a labyrinth from which I might never be able to extricate myself. Therefore I resolved to cross the marsh if possible, and to climb to the top of a mountain I saw in the distance, and from the summit of which I calculated I must see the city of Panama. In execution of this purpose, I loosed from the mule's neck a rope, which is used as a tether when those animals halt to graze on a journey; and fastening one end of it to his neck, and the other round my arm, I drove him into the marsh, which no effort of mine could make him enter whilst I remained on his back. The first plunge into the stagnant morass was as deep as my waist, and I had not gone twenty yards, when my feet became so fettered by the rushes, that I lost my balance, and fell at full length. Before I could recover my footing, the mule had turned to the place we had left; and being a large, powerful brute, he dragged me after him like a well-hooked salmon; and in his final bound to regain the bank, the rope broke, and he trotted out of reach, and resumed his breakfast, casting a sly glance at me, as much as to say, 'I hope you are refreshed by your cold bath.'

I now felt in a perfect dilemma; for the valise containing the despatches was strapped behind the saddle, and all my efforts to catch the mule were ineffectual. Whenever I approached, his heels were ready to launch out; and if in desperation I rushed at him, he bounded off with an inconceivable agility and force, until at length I was fairly exhausted; and spreading my cloak upon the grass, I endeavoured to collect my thoughts, and to realise if possible the true nature of my position. In the course of my experience I have been often struck with the difference of the state of mind under the prospect of immediate, and apparently inevitable death, and when the prospect of death is not so immediate, and apparently inevitable. I recollect, for example, being once wrecked; and when, in half an hour after, the vessel struck, she began to fill, and death appeared unavoidable—the boats being either washed away, or destroyed by the falling masts; the water increasing more and more in the hold; and there appearing not a doubt but all hands must perish. On that occasion I found it impracticable to fix my mind for three minutes together—my imagination was so busy catching at straws, that it was impossible to collect my thoughts and meditate soberly; but now, as I lay on the grass in the wild forest, I could deliberately plan, reject, and replan, with the thoughts perfectly under control. Not but the possibility of death crossed my mind; for the want of rest in the canoe, the tedious journey of the night, and lack of any refreshment since the afternoon of the preceding day, made me doubt whether I should be equal to crossing the marsh, climbing the distant mountain, and then walking some ten or a dozen miles to Panama; if even I could contemplate the idea of leaving the valise containing the despatches, on the chance of its being recovered afterwards. This, however, I felt I could never have done. We admire the heroism of the soldier who, when he was picked up dead upon the field, was found to have the colours he had borne stuffed into his bosom; but I believe that the same spirit is very general amongst men accustomed to military life, and subjected to military discipline. '*L'esprit de corps*' is the ruling principle, before which life and all other considerations become secondary. Hence it was that I felt I could not abandon the despatches intrusted to me, whatever else I might do.

I suppose I had lain thus for half an hour, when I was suddenly roused from my reverie by an exclamation of surprise, and a man's voice demanding who I was, and what had brought me there? I started to my feet, and before me sat, on a stout Spanish pony, a muleteer. I soon made him understand my position, when, in an incredibly short time, he secured my mule, shifted my saddle on to his own pony, being, as he

politely said, the more pleasant animal of the two for me to ride, and mounting the mule himself—which, by the way, appeared perfectly to comprehend the difference between his present and his late rider—he led the way through the maze intricacies of the wood, and brought me out on the Panama road, at the distance of about three leagues from the city.

The honest muleteer explained to me, as we rode along, that the situation in which he had found me was one of great peril; for, independently of there being no habitation but his own, which was several miles distant, near to the wood, he said I might have remained in the forest for ever, and no one would ever have thought of seeking for me there; and indeed this was confirmed, for as we approached the city, we met several persons on horseback, who had been sent out in search of me; but they declared that they would not have ventured to enter the wood, for fear of the hanging snakes with which it was said to be infested. My deliverer, it appeared, was a breeder of mules; one of which animals having strayed the night before, he thought it was just possible it might have entered the wood, and in seeking for his lost mule he fortunately discovered me.

There is nothing particularly imposing or striking in the appearance of Panama, as approached by the Cruces road. The country is flat, and uncultivated, and the city resembles most other cities built by the Spaniards in those countries—large, heavy-looking houses, built of stone, without any attempt at architectural ornament; but there is an esplanade, upon which the beautiful *brunettes* promenade, the head uncovered, and the jetty hair, floating in rich, unconfined luxuriance, save where the wearer prefers the *braid*; and then it hangs in three or more pendants, which often nearly brush the tiny feet, clothed in their satin shoes.

The city of Panama is a comparative wreck of what it must once have been, but the magnificent bay is alone worth travelling across the isthmus to see. The sea almost always maintains its name of 'Pacific,' and looks like a gigantic *parterre*; whilst the numerous islands with which the bay is studded resembles so many flower-beds—ever blooming, ever lovely. I will not take the reader with me to visit some of these gems of the ocean, nor will I detain him to inspect with me the process of making the curious gold chains for which Panama is celebrated, and many other curious things I saw; but merely add, that after ten days' residence, I left the city at peep of day, and the following afternoon was on board my ship, having bathed in the two seas within forty-eight hours.

THE POOR RELATIONS OF KINGS.

ONE morning during the last severe winter in Paris, a bier, on which was laid a wretched coffin, emerged from one of the poorest streets of the faubourg St Marceau, followed by two assistants, and a female, whose sole protection against the heavy snow that fell was a woolen shawl, partially concealing features once beautiful, though now changed by suffering and privation, yet still beaming with resignation.

The young man whose remains were thus borne to the common cemetery was one whose forefathers slept in the vaults of St Denis, and who, by birth, was entitled to wear the arms of the Bourbon family. In speaking of Henry II., or any other of the kings of France, there was no fiction in this unfortunate being, while living, calling them 'my ancestors.' According to the etiquette of courts, he had a right to be called by the king 'my cousin'; and equally so, by right of consanguinity, by the Bourbons of Spain, and the imperial House of Austria.

Charles de Valois de St Remy was, however, but a poor journeyman bookbinder, employed by one of the many of that trade who struggle for an existence in the neighbourhood of the College of France. Even with the assistance of his aunt, Marguerite de Valois, he scarcely earned enough to subsist on. Like many

others, when placed in situations little in accordance with their birth, Charles de Valois had acquired notions respecting the greatness of his ancestors which unfitted him for steadily pursuing his avocations. Devoid of that energy which is the basis of all self-advancement, he would remain for hours pondering on his ignoble fate. 'One path lies open to me!' he would sometimes exclaim: 'I shall become a soldier, and face the enemies of France!' In these reveries he was no longer the humble artisan, but in imagination one of the noble of his race, regaining all the territory his ancestors had lost. To put these dreams into execution, however, one thing was wanting—Charles de Valois had not the heart of a Bothwell.

Henry II., of whom he was a lineal descendant, had a son, to whom he bequeathed large territories—the most considerable being that of St Remy; but his descendants gradually decreased in power and wealth, and at length they sunk into such obscurity, that their existence was almost doubted. A ray of sunshine would at times gleam on some member of their family, but, as if a fatality hung over their race, it was succeeded by darker shadows.

During the reign of Louis XV., the Marchioness Boulanvilliers, wife of the *Prévôt* of Merchants, one day passing between Rheims and Fontette, remarked a little girl by the road-side tending a cow, and, pleased with the pretty countenance and figure of the child, called her to the door of the carriage, and offered her a piece of money. The young Jeanne de Valois spurned the proffered coin with the pride of a Spanish hidalgo; and erecting her little person, she recounted to the marchioness her full genealogy—the only thing, besides her paternoster, she had ever learned. On being questioned, she gave sufficient proof of the truth of what she stated; and her listener, estimating nothing more than high birth, though she herself was but the daughter of a revenue officer, made the little cowerd get into the carriage, which rolled off to Paris.

After having had her educated by the first masters, her protectress introduced her to the fashionable world, and even at court, where she was looked on as a sort of curiosity. She was pensioned by the king, and afterwards married the Count de la Motte. The queen, Marie Antoinette, took her into favour, and employed her near her person; but she repaid the royal kindness by the deepest ingratitude. By forging her majesty's signature, she procured large sums of money; and by the same means prevailed on Cardinal Rohan (who was at the time in disgrace at court, and glad of the opportunity of regaining favour) to purchase a necklace, as if for the queen, worth nearly two million francs, for the payment of which the countess alleged that her majesty would give a note in her own handwriting, to be defrayed from the private purse. The necklace was given into the hands of the countess, who immediately sent her husband to London with it. But the period for payment being allowed to pass, the jeweller made his complaint to the queen: Cardinal Rohan, and many others arrested on suspicion, were thrown into the Bastille, but were ultimately released on the real culprit being discovered. The countess was publicly whipped, and branded on the shoulders; a sentence of imprisonment for life was recorded against her; but after ten months' confinement, she effected her escape, and died in London in 1791.

Residing at Troyes, in Champagne, was an uncle of Jeanne de Valois, and looked on as the head of her branch of the family. In a thoroughfare of that town might be heard, from morning until night, the noise of his hammer, accompanied by merry songs, issuing from a frail wooden edifice, erected against the walls of the bishop's garden, and under the shadow of the cathedral clock. Though aware of his genealogy, learned from his father, who died in the *Hôtel Dieu* at Paris in 1759, it had inspired him neither with pride nor regret—looking on human grandeur, as he did, with the most philosophic indifference. Having never bestowed a thought on claiming the rights of his birth, he worked,

asleep, and sang, and appeared so really contented and happy, that one would have been inclined to believe, according to the old adage, 'that the king was not his cousin.' This gaiety was not without merit, if it is recollected that Henry de Valois, issuing from the reigning family of France, was a cobbler.

In 1778, while the countess was in favour at court, a detachment of the guards, after accompanying the queen to Chateau Villain, received directions to return through Troyes, and pay their respects to the illustrious artisan, who had been already spoken of at Versailles as one of the remaining representatives of the branch of Francis I., along with the little coveherd of Fontette. As the guards approached the shed, over which a board was fixed, with a boot painted in black, and the words, '*Henri, réparateur de la chaussure humaine!*' ('Henry, shoe-mender to the human race!') they heard a manly voice singing a provincial ditty, while a hammer beat time to the measure. The soldiers, dressed in splendid uniform, advanced respectfully, their hats off, preceded by their lieutenant, the Marquis de Nantouillet. The cobbler, little accustomed to such visitors, regarded them with surprise; but his looks being mechanically directed to the officer's feet, and perceiving his splendid boots, laced with brilliants, he remarked—'You are in error, monsieur; I mend only shoes. Ask for Christophe, the first street on the right.'

The marquis, with many forced compliments, having explained the cause of his presence, the cobbler, lifting his cotton cap from his head, cleared a cumbrous bench of three or four pair of old boots, and made a sign to the officer to be seated: the other soldiers not being able to find room, had the felicity of contemplating his august visage through some tattered sheets of paper, substituted in the window for glass.

'The king has learned, monsieur,' said the marquis, as he accepted the seat, 'that you are in a position little becoming your illustrious origin, and his wish is to change this state of things. Your niece is already a convincing proof of the royal solicitude.'

'And I have many doubts,' replied the old cobbler, 'whether this royal solicitude will much benefit the girl. As for me, monsieur, I am aware that if Henry II. had wished, he could have converted this bench that I sit on into a throne, this hammer into a sceptre, and that instead of this cotton cap, I might wear a brilliant head-gear of gold and diamonds, though much more weighty.'

The marquis was somewhat startled at this liberty of language, but concealing his astonishment under a courtly smile, the cobbler continued—'Eh, well, monsieur, I have no regret at seeing our cousin of Bourbon arrive at the crown of France. Think you that I envy Louis XV.? Not I. I am my own master; no person has an interest in deceiving me; all the world are contented with me, and I with them. Can the king say so much? This reminds me that my work presses—will you permit me?' And the old man, who seemed to take delight in treating without ceremony the king of France and his envoy, busily resumed his employment.

'You had better reflect,' remarked the officer.

'I have no need of reflection; I require nothing.'

'But you have children, monsieur; accept for them what you refuse for yourself, and allow your sons to fill that rank to which they are entitled.'

The old man scratched his ear, as if undecided how to act; at length, pulling his cap over his gray locks, he replied, 'It is my frank opinion, monsieur, that the boys will not reflect very much honour on the family; but that is their affair; so, in their name, I shall accept the king's generosity. The old proverb says that "it is needless to upset good sauce with the foot." But perhaps you could not guess what are my thoughts?' continued Henry de Valois in a tone of raillery. 'I think the king is about doing what I do daily—to patch an old boot, which never lasts long!'

'Very good! very good!' exclaimed the courtier, laughing boisterously. 'Permit me, however, to finish

the simile,' added he: 'I am sure the king's work will be solid. I shall now retire, and inform his majesty of your intentions.'

The visitors had scarcely disappeared, when the old man resumed his song, a proof that the perspective of grandeur did not much trouble the mind of the cobbler, who has been so well described in the songs of Beranger.

A short time afterwards, heedless of the sarcasms and repartees which it occasioned, the king pensioned Henry de Valois from the privy purse, and made him a count. His sons entered the service. One of them was created Baron St Remy, and became captain of a corvette; but, as had been predicted by the old cobbler, none of them added much to the honour of the family. The affair of the necklace threw a sinister *éclat* upon the name of Valois, and their relationship to the Countess de la Motte hastened their downfall. Abject misery succeeded the perpetration of the crime. The Revolution arrived, and the descendants of Henry II. sank into greater obscurity than that from which they had been taken a few years previously.

The St Remy de Valois had their origin in a royal castle. The splendour of a throne was reflected on their cradle. In three centuries afterwards what is their fate? The last male of their line, struggling with poverty during his lifetime, has his ashes finally consigned to the common city burying place—unknown and forgotten. She who followed his remains was the great-granddaughter of the old cobbler, and the only known survivor of her race.

Our advancement in life depends mainly on our own exertions and energy. Whatever assistance we may derive from others, if without corresponding exertions of our own, is too limited to be of permanent advantage; and the prospects of those on whom kings lavish their favours, like the sun preceding a storm, are never more uncertain than when they appear most dazzling.

Amongst many who stand pre-eminent for self-advancement, may be mentioned Amyot, Vincent de Paul, and Sextus V. The one, picked up dying on the public road, became archbishop of Sens, and preceptor to the king of France; the other, the son of poor parents, uncertain from day to day of the bread they ate, shows a career of virtue and good actions, and was enabled in his old age to retire in affluence; the third, from being a swineherd, became pope. Colbert, Chevert, Catinat, all owed to themselves the dignities to which they were raised.

Our elevation is but the result and the recompense of persevering industry, and a steady adherence to the path of rectitude and justice. We are all more or less the creatures of circumstance; and fortunes made by honourable pursuits are ever the most durable.

HANGING BRIDGES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

There are two kinds of suspension-bridge common in the mountainous districts of South America—namely, the *puentes de sogas* and the *huaro*, which are thus described by Dr Von Tschudi the Peruvian traveller:—'The *soga* bridges are composed of four ropes, made of twisted cow-hide, and about the thickness of a man's arm. The four ropes are connected together by thinner ones of the same material, fastened over them transversely. The whole is covered with branches, straw, and roots of the agave tree. On either side a rope, rather more than two feet above the bridge, serves as a balustrade. The *sogas* are fastened on each bank of the river by piles, or rivetted into the rock. During long-continued rains, these bridges become loose, and require to be tightened; but they are always lower in the middle than at the ends, and when passengers are crossing them, they swing like hammocks. It requires some practice, and a very steady head, to go over the *soga* bridges unaccompanied by a *puntero* or bridge-guide. However strongly made, they are not durable; for the changeableness of the climate quickly rots the ropes, which are made of untanned leather. They frequently require repairing, and travellers have sometimes no alternative but to wait several days until a bridge is passable, or to make a circuit of twenty or thirty leagues. The *punteo* de *soga* of Oroya

is fifty yards long and one and a half broad. It is one of the largest in Peru; but the bridge across the Apurimac, in the province of Ayacucho, is nearly twice as long, and it is carried over a much deeper gulf.

The huauro bridge consists of a thick rope, extending over a river or across a rocky chasm. To this rope are affixed a roller and a strong piece of wood formed like a yoke, and by means of two smaller ropes, this yoke is drawn along the thick rope which forms the bridge. The passenger who has to cross the huauro is tied to the yoke, and grasps it firmly with both hands. His feet, which are crossed one over the other, rest on the thick rope, and the head is held as erect as possible. All these preliminaries being completed, an Indian, stationed on the opposite side of the river or chasm, draws the passenger across the huauro. This is altogether the most disagreeable and dangerous mode of conveyance that can possibly be conceived. If the rope breaks, an accident of no unfrequent occurrence, the hapless traveller has no chance of escaping with life, for, being fastened, he can make no effort to save himself. Horses and mules are driven by the Indians into the river, and are made to swim across it, in doing which they frequently perish, especially when, being exhausted by a long journey, they have not strength to contend against the force of the current.

MR ADAMS, THE ASTRONOMER.

The 'West Briton' newspaper gives the following interesting snatch respecting the early days of Mr Adams, the co-discoverer of the new planet Neptune:—The traveller who has come into Cornwall by the north road must remember a long moorland tract between Lameston and Bodmin. If his journey was performed on the roof of the coach against a sleety, biting south-wester, his memory will not need any refresher. The recollections of such an excursion are not to be effaced even by the consolations of the Jamaica Inn. A more desolate spot can scarcely be found. Yet nature sometimes grows *men* where she grows nothing else; and on this bleak moor she has produced at least *one* such man as, with all her tropical magnificence, she never produced within ten degrees of the equator. A few years ago a small farmer named Adams, resident on the moor, had a boy who, if we are correctly informed, disappointed his father's hopes of making a good agriculturist of him. His fits of abstraction and dreamy reverie were held to be very unpropitious. He had somehow got a taste for mathematics; and the highest happiness of his life was to pore over

'Books that explain
The purer elements of truth, involved
In lines and numbers.'

And this passion so grew upon him, that he was at length abandoned to its impulses, and allowed to take his own way, in despair of a better. It was clear that he would never pick up prizes at a ploughing-match or a cattle-show; that the lord of the manor, or squire of the parish, would never have to stand up and make a solemn oration over him, showing him to wondering spectators as the man who had improved the breed of rams, or fattened bullocks to a distressing obesity. Yet, as the path to such fame was closed, there were still some small honours awaiting him. After a school training, he entered at St John's College, Cambridge, where, at the end of his under-graduateship, he became senior wrangler. He is now one of the mathematical tutors at that college, and one of the discoverers of the planet Neptune.

A STRANGE ANOMALY.

People will perhaps urge, as an objection to our plans for the improvement of the condition of the houses of the poor, the necessary interference with the rights of property. But is our respect for the rights of property to be carried so far as to endanger the public health and security? The rights of the proprietor are necessarily limited by the rights of society. That limit is inscribed upon nearly every page of our law. Why does it not also exist for the speculator who lets his houses to the workman and indigent? We impose rigorous conditions on the sale of commodities; we confiscate, without hesitation, meat of bad quality, putrid fish, adulterated liquors, and bread below the legal weight; and we not only confiscate these things, but we punish their owners. By what strange contradiction do the proprietors of these hideous dens, these infectious holes—to inhabit which is at least as dangerous as the use of the most unwholesome food—not only remain unpunished, but

continue to enjoy a peculiar protection, and a sort of privilege, inasmuch as they are exempt from the greater part of the conditions imposed upon other proprietors? If we forbid the sale of arsenic, &c. why do we allow a host of wretched beings to famish by slow poison in the unwholesome habitations in which they are necessarily confined?—*Duopitians on the Mortality of Brussels.*

SERENADE.

[FOR MUSIC.]

'Tis now the hour when blushing Day,
Like youthful bride, to rest is stealing;
But coy to go, and loath to stay,
One doubtful smile is yet revealing.
But go, sweet day! I would not woo
Thy stay with one poor verse of mine—
Go, and thy veil of deepening hue
Will hide a brighter blush than thine!

And hark! the twilight minstrel now
Sings to the lonely star of even:
So falls the music, faint and slow,
To youthful fancy's dreaming given!
But hush, sweet bird! I would not buy
Thy lay with one poor verse of mine—
Hush! lest thy murmured minstrelsy
Drown a far sweeter note than thine!

L. R.

PROGRESS.

In the flow of a century the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilisation of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society, in this century, has not made its progress, like Chinese skill, by a greater acuteness of ingenuity in trifles; it has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of thought and action; but it has assumed a new character—it has raised itself from *beneath* governments to a participation in governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men; and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.—*Daniel Webster.*

PHOSPHORESCENT FUNGI.

One dark night, about the beginning of December, while passing along the streets of the Villa de Natividad, I observed some boys amusing themselves with some luminous object, which I at first supposed to be a kind of large fire-fly; but on making inquiry, I found it to be a beautiful phosphorescent fungus, belonging to the genus *Agaricus*, and was told that it grew abundantly in the neighbourhood on the decaying leaves of a dwarf palm. Next day I obtained a great many specimens, and found them to vary from one to two and a-half inches across. The whole plant gives out at night a bright phosphorescent light, of a pale greenish hue, similar to that emitted by the larger fire-flies, or by those curious soft-bodied marine animals, the *Pyrosoma*. From this circumstance, and from growing on a palm, it is called by the inhabitants 'Flor do Coco.' The light given out by a few of these fungi, in a dark room, was sufficient to read by. I was not aware at the time I discovered this fungus that any other species of the same genus exhibited a similar phenomenon; such, however, is the case in the *A. olearius* of De Candolle; and Mr Drummond of Swan River Colony, in Australia, has given an account of a very large phosphorescent species occasionally found there.—*Gardner's Travels in Brazil.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 56 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.